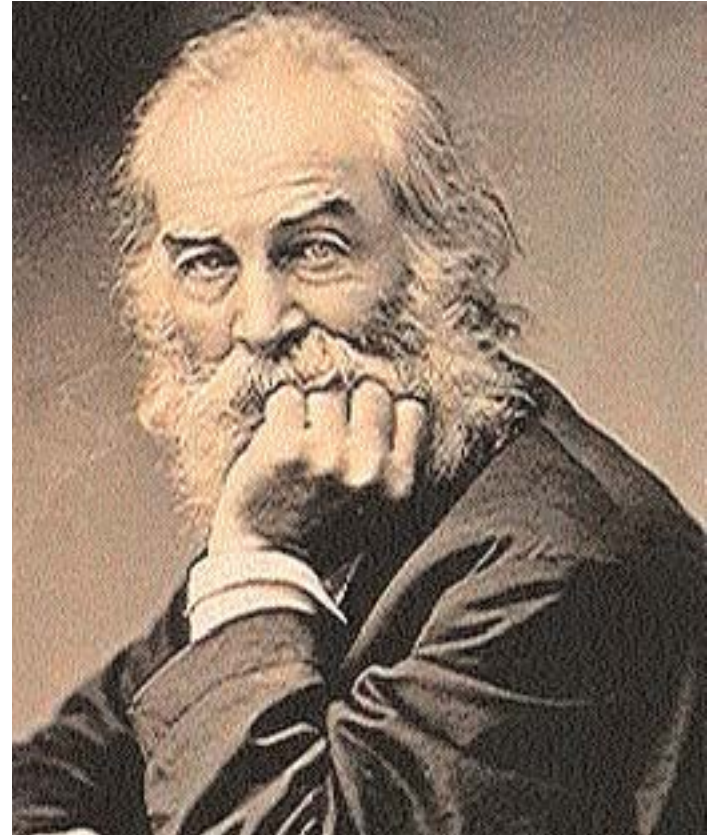


**THE UNIVERSE IS PROCESSION:
SELECTED POETRY
OF WALT WHITMAN**



edited by
Ray Soulard, Jr.

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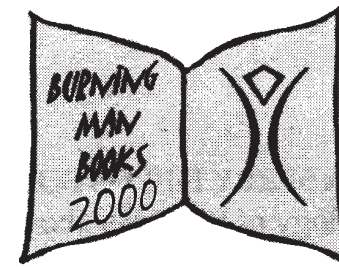


S C R I P T O R P R E S S

THE UNIVERSE IS PROCESSION:

SELECTED POETRY OF WALT WHITMAN

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Ray Soulard, Jr.



NUMBER EIGHT

I Sing the Body Electric

1

I SING the Body electric;
The armies of those I love engirth me, and I engirth them;
They will not let me off till I go with them, respond to them,
And dis corrupt them, and charge them full with the charge of the Soul.

Was it doubted that those who corrupt their own bodies conceal themselves;
And if those who defile the living are as bad as they who defile the dead?
And if the body does not do as much as the Soul?
And if the body were not the Soul, what is the Soul?

2

The love of the Body of man or woman balks account—the body itself balks account;
That of the male is perfect, and that of the female is perfect.

The expression of the face balks account;
But the expression of a well-made man appears not only in his face;
It is in his limbs and joints also, it is curiously in the joints of his hips and wrists;
It is in his walk, the carriage of his neck, the flex of his waist and knees—dress does not hide him;
The strong, sweet, supple quality he has, strikes through the cotton and flannel;
To see him pass conveys as much as the best poem, perhaps more;
You linger to see his back, and the back of his neck and shoulder-side.

This volume is for Joe Ciccone

The Universe is Procession:
Selected Poetry of Walt Whitman

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The sprawl and fulness of babes, the bosoms and heads of women, the
 folds of their dress, their style as we pass in the street, the
 contour of their shape downwards,
 The swimmer naked in the swimming-bath, seen as he swims through
 the transparent green-shine, or lies with his face up, and rolls
 silently to and fro in the heave of the water,
 The bending forward and backward of rowers in row-boats—the
 horseman in his saddle,
 Girls, mothers, house-keepers, in all their performances,
 The group of laborers seated at noon-time with their open dinner-
 kettles, and their wives waiting,
 The female soothing a child—the farmer's daughter in the garden or
 cow-yard,
 The young fellow hoeing corn—the sleigh-driver guiding his six horses
 through the crowd,
 The wrestle of wrestlers, two apprentice-boys, quite grown, lusty, good-
 natured, native-born, out on the vacant lot at sundown, after
 work,
 The coats and caps thrown down, the embrace of love and resistance,
 The upper-hold and the under-hold, the hair rumpled over and blinding
 the eyes;
 The march of firemen in their own costumes, the play of masculine
 muscle through clean-setting trowsers and waist-straps,
 The slow return from the fire, the pause when the bell strikes suddenly
 again, and the listening on the alert,
 The natural, perfect, varied attitudes—the bent head, the curv'd neck,
 and the counting; Such-like I love—I loosen myself, pass freely,
 am at the mother's breast with the little child,
 Swim with the swimmers, wrestle with wrestlers, march in line with the
 firemen, and pause, listen, and count.

I know a man, a common farmer—the father of five sons;
 And in them were the fathers of sons—and in them were the fathers of
 sons.

This man was of wonderful vigor, calmness, beauty of person;
 The shape of his head, the pale yellow and white of his hair and beard,
 and the immeasurable meaning of his black eyes—the richness
 and breadth of his manners,
 These I used to go and visit him to see—he was wise also;
 He was six feet tall, he was over eighty years old—his sons were
 massive, clean, bearded, tan-faced, handsome;
 They and his daughters loved him—all who saw him loved him;
 They did not love him by allowance—they loved him with personal
 love;
 He drank water only—the blood show'd like scarlet through the clear-
 brown skin of his face;
 He was a frequent gunner and fisher—he sail'd his boat himself—he
 had a fine one presented to him by a ship-joiner—he had
 fowling-pieces, presented to him
 by men that loved him;
 When he went with his five sons and many grand-sons to hunt or fish,
 you would pick him out as the most beautiful and vigorous of
 the gang.

You would wish long and long to be with him—you would wish to sit
 by him in the boat, that you and he might touch each other.

I have perceiv'd that to be with those I like is enough,
 To stop in company with the rest at evening is enough,
 To be surrounded by beautiful, curious, breathing, laughing flesh is
 enough,

To pass among them, or touch any one, or rest my arm ever so lightly
round his or her neck for a moment—what is this, then?
I do not ask any more delight—I swim in it, as in a sea.

There is something in staying close to men and women, and looking on
them, and in the contact and odor of them, that pleases the soul
well;
All things please the soul—but these please the soul well.

5

This is the female form;
A divine nimbus exhales from it from head to foot;
It attracts with fierce undeniable attraction!
I am drawn by its breath as if I were no more than a helpless vapor—all
falls aside but myself and it;
Books, art, religion, time, the visible and solid earth, the atmosphere and
the clouds, and what was expected of heaven or fear'd of hell,
are now consumed;
Mad filaments, ungovernable shoots play out of it—the response
likewise ungovernable; Hair, bosom, hips, bend of legs, negli-
gent falling hands, all diffused—mine too diffused;
Ebb stung by the flow, and flow stung by the ebb—love-flesh swelling
and deliciously aching;
Limitless limpid jets of love hot and enormous, quivering jelly of love,
white-blow and delirious juice;
Bridegroom night of love, working surely and softly into the prostrate
dawn;
Undulating into the willing and yielding day,
Lost in the cleave of the clasping and sweet-flesh'd day.
This is the nucleus—after the child is born of woman, the man is born
of woman;
This is the bath of birth—this is the merge of small and large, and the
outlet again.

Be not ashamed, women—your privilege encloses the rest,
and is the exit of the rest;
You are the gates of the body, and you are the gates of the soul.

The female contains all qualities, and tempers them—she is in her place,
and moves with perfect balance;
She is all things duly veil'd—she is both passive and active;
She is to conceive daughters as well as sons, and sons as well as daugh-
ters.

As I see my soul reflected in nature;
As I see through a mist, one with inexpressible completeness and
beauty,
See the bent head, and arms folded over the breast—the female I see.

6

The male is not less the soul, nor more—he too is in his place;
He too is all qualities—he is action and power;
The flush of the known universe is in him;
Scorn becomes him well, and appetite and defiance become him well;
The wildest largest passions, bliss that is utmost, sorrow that is utmost,
become him well—pride is for him;
The full-spread pride of man is calming and excellent to the soul;

Knowledge becomes him—he likes it always—he brings everything to
the test of himself;
Whatever the survey, whatever the sea and the sail, he strikes soundings
at last only here; (Where else does he strike soundings, except
here?)

The man's body is sacred, and the woman's body is sacred;
No matter who it is, it is sacred;
Is it a slave? Is it one of the dull-faced immigrants just landed on the
wharf?

Each belongs here or anywhere, just as much as the well-off—just as
much as you;
Each has his or her place in the procession.

(All is a procession;
The universe is a procession, with measured and beautiful motion.)

Do you know so much yourself, that you call the slave or the dull-face
ignorant?
Do you suppose you have a right to a good sight, and he or she has no
right to a sight?
Do you think matter has cohered together from its diffuse float—and the
soil is on the surface, and water runs,
and vegetation sprouts,
For you only, and not for him and her?

7

A man's Body at auction;
I help the auctioneer—the sloven does not half know
his business.

Gentlemen, look on this wonder!
Whatever the bids of the bidders, they cannot be high enough for it;
For it the globe lay preparing quintillions of years, without one animal
or plant;
For it the revolving cycles truly and steadily roll'd.

In this head the all-baffling brain;
In it and below it, the makings of heroes.

Examine these limbs, red, black, or white—they are so cunning in
tendon and nerve;
They shall be stript, that you may see them.

Exquisite senses, life-lit eyes, pluck, volition,
Flakes of breast-muscle, pliant back-bone and neck, flesh not flabby,
good-sized arms and legs,
And wonders within there yet.

Within there runs blood,
The same old blood!
The same red-running blood!
There swells and jets a heart—there all passions, desires, reachings,
aspirations;
Do you think they are not there because they are not express'd
in parlors and lecture-rooms?

This is not only one man—this is the father of those who shall be
fathers in their turns;
In him the start of populous states and rich republics;
Of him countless immortal lives, with countless embodiments and
enjoyments.

How do you know who shall come from the offspring of his offspring
through the centuries?
Who might you find you have come from yourself, if you could trace
back through the centuries?

8

A woman's Body at auction!
She too is not only herself—she is the teeming mother of
mothers;
She is the bearer of them that shall grow and be mates to the mothers.

Have you ever loved the Body of a woman?
Have you ever loved the Body of a man?

Your father—where is your father?
Your mother—is she living? have you been much with her? and has she
 been much with you?
—Do you not see that these are exactly the same to all, in all nations
 and times, all over the earth?

If any thing is sacred, the human body is sacred,
And the glory and sweet of a man, is the token of manhood untainted;
And in man or woman, a clean, strong, firm-fibred body, is beautiful as
 the most beautiful face.

Have you seen the fool that corrupted his own live body? or the fool
 that corrupted her own live body?
For they do not conceal themselves, and cannot conceal
 themselves.

9

O my Body! I dare not desert the likes of you in other men and women,
 nor the likes of the parts of you;
I believe the likes of you are to stand or fall with the likes of the Soul,
 (and that they are the Soul;)
I believe the likes of you shall stand or fall with my poems—and that
 they are poems,
Man's, woman's, child's, youth's, wife's, husband's, mother's, father's,
 young man's, young woman's poems;
Head, neck, hair, ears, drop and tympan of the ears,
Eyes, eye-fringes, iris of the eye, eye-brows, and the waking or sleeping
 of the lids,
Mouth, tongue, lips, teeth, roof of the mouth, jaws, and the jaw-hinges,
Nose, nostrils of the nose, and the partition,
Cheeks, temples, forehead, chin, throat, back of the neck, neck-slue,
Strong shoulders, manly beard, scapula, hind-shoulders, and the ample
 side-round of the chest.

Upper-arm, arm-pit, elbow-socket, lower-arm, arm-sinews, arm-bones,
Wrist and wrist-joints, hand, palm, knuckles, thumb, fore-finger, finger-
 balls, finger-joints, finger-nails,
Broad breast-front, curling hair of the breast, breast-bone, breast-side,
Ribs, belly, back-bone, joints of the back-bone,
Hips, hip-sockets, hip-strength, inward and outward round, man-balls,
 man-root,
Strong set of thighs, well carrying the trunk above,
Leg-fibres, knee, knee-pan, upper-leg, under leg,
Ankles, instep, foot-ball, toes, toe-joints, the heel;
All attitudes, all the shapeliness, all the belongings of my or your body,
 or of any one's body, male or female,
The lung-sponges, the stomach-sac, the bowels sweet and clean,
The brain in its folds inside the skull-frame,
Sympathies, heart-valves, palate-valves, sexuality, maternity,
Womanhood, and all that is a woman—and the man that comes from
 woman,
The womb, the teats, nipples, breast-milk, tears, laughter, weeping,
 love-looks, love-perturbations and risings,
The voice, articulation, language, whispering, shouting aloud,
Food, drink, pulse, digestion, sweat, sleep, walking, swimming,
Poise on the hips, leaping, reclining, embracing, arm-curving and
 tightening,
The continual changes of the flex of the mouth, and around the eyes,
The skin, the sun-burnt shade, freckles, hair,
The curious sympathy one feels, when feeling with the hand the naked
 meat of the body,
The circling rivers, the breath, and breathing it in and out,
The beauty of the waist, and thence of the hips, and thence downward
 toward the knees,
The thin red jellies within you, or within me—the bones, and the
 marrow in the bones,
The exquisite realization of health;
O I say, these are not the parts and poems of the Body only, but of the
 Soul,
O I say now these are the Soul!

Crossing Brooklyn Ferry

1

FLOOD-TIDE below! I watch you face to face;
Clouds of the west! sun there half an hour high! I see you also face to face.

Crowds of men and women attired in the usual costumes! how curious you are to me!
On the ferry-boats, the hundreds and hundreds that cross, returning home, are more curious to me than you suppose;
And you that shall cross from shore to shore years hence, are more to me, and more in my meditations, than you might suppose.

2

The impalpable sustenance of me from all things, at all hours of the day;
The simple, compact, well-join'd scheme—myself disintegrated, every one disintegrated, yet part of the scheme:
The similitudes of the past, and those of the future;
The glories strung like beads on my smallest sights and hearings—on the walk in the street, and the passage over the river;
The current rushing so swiftly, and swimming with me far away;
The others that are to follow me, the ties between me and them;
The certainty of others—the life, love, sight, hearing of others.

Others will enter the gates of the ferry, and cross from shore to shore;
Others will watch the run of the flood-tide;
Others will see the shipping of Manhattan north and west, and the heights of Brooklyn to the south and east;
Others will see the islands large and small;

Fifty years hence, others will see them as they cross, the sun half an hour high;
A hundred years hence, or ever so many hundred years hence, others will see them,
Will enjoy the sunset, the pouring in of the flood-tide, the falling back to the sea of the ebb-tide.

3

It avails not, neither time or place—distance avails not;
I am with you, you men and women of a generation, or ever so many generations hence;
I project myself—also I return—I am with you, and know how it is.

Just as you feel when you look on the river and sky, so I felt;
Just as any of you is one of a living crowd, I was one of a crowd;
Just as you are refresh'd by the gladness of the river and the bright flow, I was refresh'd;
Just as you stand and lean on the rail, yet hurry with the swift current, I stood, yet was hurried;
Just as you look on the numberless masts of ships, and the thick-stem'd pipes of steamboats, I look'd.

I too many and many a time cross'd the river, the sun half an hour high;
I watched the Twelfth-month sea-gulls—I saw them high in the air, floating with motionless wings, oscillating their bodies,
I saw how the glistening yellow lit up parts of their bodies, and left the rest in strong shadow,
I saw the slow-wheeling circles, and the gradual edging toward the south.

I too saw the reflection of the summer sky in the water
Had my eyes dazzled by the shimmering track of beams,
Look'd at the fine centrifugal spokes of light around the shape of my head in the sun-lit water,

Look'd on the haze on the hills southward and southwestward,
 Look'd on the vapor as it flew in fleeces tinged with violet,
 Look'd toward the lower bay to notice the arriving ships,
 Saw their approach, saw aboard those that were near me,
 Saw the white sails of schooners and sloops—saw the ships at anchor,
 The sailors at work in the rigging, or out astride the spars,
 The round masts, the swinging motion of the hulls, the slender serpentine pennants,
 The large and small steamers in motion, the pilots in their pilot-houses,
 The white wake left by the passage, the quick tremulous whirl of the wheels,
 The flags of all nations, the falling of them at sun-set,
 The scallop-edged waves in the twilight, the ladled cups, the frolicsome crests and glistening,
 The stretch afar growing dimmer and dimmer, the gray walls of the granite store-houses by the docks,
 On the river the shadowy group, the big steam-tug closely flank'd on each side by the barges—the hay-boat, the belated lighter,
 On the neighboring shore, the fires from the foundry chimneys burning high and glaringly into the night,
 Casting their flicker of black, contrasted with wild red and yellow light, over the tops of houses, and down into the clefts of streets.

4

These, and all else, were to me the same as they are to you;
 I project myself a moment to tell you—also I return.

 I loved well those cities;
 I loved well the stately and rapid river;
 The men and women I saw were all near to me;
 Others the same—others who look back on me, because I look'd forward to them;
 (The time will come, though I stop here to-day and to-night.)

5

What is it, then, between us?
 What is the count of the scores or hundreds of years between us?

 Whatever it is, it avails not—distance avails not, and place avails not.

6

I too lived—Brooklyn, of ample hills, was mine;
 I too walk'd the streets of Manhattan Island, and bathed in the waters around it;
 I too felt the curious abrupt questionings stir within me,
 In the day, among crowds of people, sometimes they came upon me,
 In my walks home late at night, or as I lay in my bed, they came upon me.

 I too had been struck from the float forever held in solution;
 I too had receiv'd identity by my Body;
 That I was, I knew was of my body—and what I should be, I knew I should be of my body.

7

It is not upon you alone the dark patches fall,
 The dark threw patches down upon me also;
 The best I had done seem'd to me blank and suspicious;
 My great thoughts, as I supposed them, were they not in reality meagre?
 would not people laugh at me?

 It is not you alone who know what it is to be evil;
 I am he who knew what it was to be evil;
 I too knitted the old knot of contrariety,

Blabb'd, blush'd, resented, lied, stole, grudg'd,
Had guile, anger, lust, hot wishes I dared not speak,
Was wayward, vain, greedy, shallow, sly, cowardly, malignant;
The wolf, the snake, the hog, not wanting in me,
The cheating look, the frivolous word, the adulterous wish,
not wanting,
Refusals, hates, postponements, meanness, laziness, none of these
wanting.

8

But I was Manhattanese, friendly and proud!
I was call'd by my highest name by clear loud voices of young men as
they saw me approaching or passing,
Felt their arms on my neck as I stood, or the negligent leaning of their
flesh against me as I sat,
Saw many I loved in the street, or ferry-boat, or public assembly, yet
never told them a word,
Lived the same life with the rest, the same old laughing, gnawing,
sleeping,
Play'd the part that still looks back on the actor or actress,
The same old role, the role that is what we make it, as great as we like,
Or as small as we like, or both great and small.

9

Closer yet I approach you;
What thought you have of me, I had as much of you—I laid in my
stores in advance;
I consider'd long and seriously of you before you were born.

Who was to know what should come home to me?
Who knows but I am enjoying this?

Who knows but I am as good as looking at you now, for all you cannot
see me?

It is not you alone, nor I alone;
Not a few races, nor a few generations, nor a few centuries;
It is that each came, or comes, or shall come, from its due emission,
From the general centre of all, and forming a part of all:
Everything indicates—the smallest does, and the largest does;
A necessary film envelopes all, and envelopes the Soul for a proper
time.

10

Now I am curious what sight can ever be more stately and admirable to
me than my mast-hemm'd Manhattan,
My river and sun-set, and my scallop-edg'd waves of flood-tide,
The sea-gulls oscillating their bodies, the hay-boat in the twilight, and
the belated lighter;
Curious what Gods can exceed these that clasp me by the hand, and
with voices I love call me promptly and loudly by my highest
name as I approach;
Curious what is more subtle than this which ties me to the woman or
man that looks in my face,
Which fuses me into you now, and pours my meaning into you.

We understand, then, do we not?
What I promis'd without mentioning it, have you not accepted?
What the study could not teach—what the preaching could not accom-
plish, is accomplish'd, is it not?
What the push of reading could not start, is started by me personally, is
it not?

Flow on, river! flow with the flood-tide, and ebb with the ebb-tide!
 Frolic on, crested and scallop-edg'd waves!
 Gorgeous clouds of the sun-set! drench with your splendor me, or the
 men and women generations after me;
 Cross from shore to shore, countless crowds of passengers!
 Stand up, tall masts of Mannahatta!—stand up, beautiful hills of
 Brooklyn!
 Throb, baffled and curious brain! throw out questions and answers!
 Suspend here and everywhere, eternal float of solution!
 Gaze, loving and thirsting eyes, in the house, or street, or public
 assembly!
 Sound out, voices of young men! loudly and musically call me by my
 nighest name!
 Live, old life! play the part that looks back on the actor or actress!
 Play the old role, the role that is great or small, according as one makes
 it!

Consider, you who peruse me, whether I may not in unknown ways be
 looking upon you;
 Be firm, rail over the river, to support those who lean idly, yet haste with
 the hasting current;
 Fly on, sea-birds! fly sideways, or wheel in large circles high in the air;
 Receive the summer sky, you water! and faithfully hold it, till all down-
 cast eyes have time to take it from you;
 Diverge, fine spokes of light, from the shape of my head, or any one's
 head, in the sun-lit water;
 Come on, ships from the lower bay! pass up or down, white-sail'd
 schooners, sloops, lighters!
 Flaunt away, flags of all nations! be duly lower'd at sunset;
 Burn high your fires, foundry chimneys! cast black shadows at night-
 fall! cast red and yellow light over the tops of the houses;
 Appearances, now or henceforth, indicate what you are;
 You necessary film, continue to envelop the soul;

About my body for me, and your body for you, be hung our divinest
 aromas;
 Thrive, cities! bring your freight, bring your shows, ample and sufficient
 rivers;
 Expand, being than which none else is perhaps more spiritual;
 Keep your places, objects than which none else is more lasting.

We descend upon you and all things—we arrest you all;
 We realize the soul only by you, you faithful solids and fluids;
 Through you color, form, location, sublimity, ideality;
 Through you every proof, comparison, and all the suggestions and
 determinations of ourselves.

You have waited, you always wait, you dumb, beautiful ministers! you
 novices!
 We receive you with free sense at last, and are insatiate henceforward;
 Not you any more shall be able to foil us, or withhold yourselves from
 us;
 We use you, and do not cast you aside—we plant you permanently
 within us;
 We fathom you not—we love you—there is perfection in you also;
 You furnish your parts toward eternity;
 Great or small, you furnish your parts toward the soul.

To You

WHOEVER you are, I fear you are walking the walks of dreams,
I fear these supposed realities are to melt from under your feet and
hands;
Even now, your features, joys, speech, house, trade, manners, troubles,
follies, costume, crimes, dissipate away from you,
Your true Soul and Body appear before me,
They stand forth out of affairs—out of commerce, shops, law, science,
work, forms, clothes, the house, medicine, print, buying, selling,
eating, drinking, suffering, dying.

Whoever you are, now I place my hand upon you, that you be my
poem;
I whisper with my lips close to your ear,
I have loved many women and men, but I love none better than you.

O I have been dilatory and dumb;
I should have made my way straight to you long ago;
I should have blabb'd nothing but you, I should have chanted nothing
but you.

I will leave all, and come and make the hymns of you;
None have understood you, but I understand you;
None have done justice to you—you have not done justice to yourself;
None but have found you imperfect—I only find no imperfection in
you;
None but would subordinate you—I only am he who will never consent
to subordinate you;
I only am he who places over you no master, owner, better, God, be-
yond what waits intrinsically in yourself.

Painters have painted their swarming groups, and the centre figure of
all;

From the head of the centre figure spreading a nimbus of gold-color'd
light;
But I paint myriads of heads, but paint no head without its nimbus of
gold-color'd light;
From my hand, from the brain of every man and woman it streams,
effulgently flowing forever.

O I could sing such grandeurs and glories about you!
You have not known what you are—you have slumber'd upon yourself
all your life;
Your eye-lids have been the same as closed most of the time;
What you have done returns already in mockeries;
(Your thrift, knowledge, prayers, if they do not return in mockeries,
what is their return?)

The mockeries are not you;
Underneath them, and within them, I see you lurk;
I pursue you where none else has pursued you;
Silence, the desk, the flippant expression, the night, the accustom'd
routine, if these conceal you from others, or from yourself, they
do not conceal you from me;
The shaved face, the unsteady eye, the impure complexion, if these balk
others, they do not balk me,
The pert apparel, the deform'd attitude, drunkenness, greed, premature
death, all these I part aside.

There is no endowment in man or woman that is not tallied in you;
There is no virtue, no beauty, in man or woman, but as good is in you;
No pluck, no endurance in others, but as good is in you;
No pleasure waiting for others, but an equal pleasure waits for you.

As for me, I give nothing to any one, except I give the like carefully to
you;
I sing the songs of the glory of none, not God, sooner than I sing the
songs of the glory of you.

Whoever you are! claim your own at any hazard!
These shows of the east and west are tame, compared to you;
These immense meadows—these interminable rivers—you are im-
mense and interminable as they;
These furies, elements, storms, motions of Nature, throes of apparent
dissolution—you are he or she who is master or mistress over
them,
Master or mistress in your own right over Nature, elements, pain,
passion, dissolution.

The hobbles fall from your ankles—you find an unfailing sufficiency;
Old or young, male or female, rude, low, rejected by the rest, whatever
you are promulges itself;
Through birth, life, death, burial, the means are provided, nothing is
scanted;
Through angers, losses, ambition, ignorance, ennui, what you are picks
its way.

Unseen Buds

Unseen buds, infinite, hidden well,
Under the snow and ice, under the darkness, in every square or cubic
inch,
Germinal, exquisite, in delicate lace, microscopic, unborn,
Like babes in wombs, latent, folded, compact, sleeping;
Billions of billions, and trillions of trillions of them waiting,
(On earth and in the sea—the universe—the stars there in the heavens,)
Urging slowly, surely forward, forming endless,
And waiting ever more, forever more behind.

Grand Is the Seen

Grand is the seen, the light, to me—grand are the sky and stars,
Grand is the earth, and grand are lasting time and space,
And grand their laws, so multiform, puzzling, evolutionary;
But grander far the unseen soul of me, comprehending, endowing all
those,
Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing the sea,
(What were all those, indeed, without thee, unseen soul? of what
amount without thee?)
More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul!
More multiform far—more lasting thou than they.